

The Cry of the Dreamer.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart weary of building and spoiling
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dream of my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming,
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throngs that hurry by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure.
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skilful,
And the child mind creaked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grows willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
From the trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle,
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dreamer's way;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

HUMOROUS.

Cooks should settle in Greece.
A hard thing to sharpen—The water's edge.
The old chaps who wore armor were the first mail carriers.
A turtle is a lazy fellow, and yet he doesn't have a soft snap.
A guest at the marriage of a deaf-and-dumb couple wittily and gallantly wished them unspeakable bliss.
A man of short stature gives as a reason for his stunted growth that he was brought up as a child on condensed milk.
Frog's legs are said to be unusually high. This is not on account of the French influx, but because the legs were always on the jump.
Prof. Wigweaver: "Robert, what was it that made the Tower of Pisa lean?" Little Robert Rocket: "A famine in the land made it lean, sir."
An exchange gives a long list of reasons why you shouldn't snub a boy, but omits the principal one, which is that nine times out of ten it's a waste of time to try.
The sting of a bumblebee contains only a fiftieth part of a drop of poison. You can't get the average boy to believe that. He'll insist on at least a fluid ounce.
A Pittsburgher has taken out a patent for a machine to crimp flour bags. That's all right. Why shouldn't the flour bag wear crimps so long as the flour barrel has hoops?
Astronomers tell us in their own simple, intelligible way that the gradual lengthening of the days is due to the "obliquity of the ecliptic of the terrestrial horizon." This ought to set at rest the foolish idea that the days are longer because the sun rises earlier and sets later.

The Czar Sends for His Uniform.

When Prince William of Prussia visited the Russian Emperor on the occasion of the recent imperial hunt at Brest-Litovsk, the Czar found himself without Prussian uniform, and the consequence was that a messenger had to travel all the way from St. Petersburg by special train to repair the deficiency. The Czar discovered his loss the afternoon before Prince William's arrival. Sending word to his valet to have a Prussian uniform in readiness for the morning, the man appeared to say that by his imperial master's orders all uniforms had been left at St. Petersburg.
An aide-de-camp was sent for. "A Prussian uniform must be here by 7 o'clock to-morrow morning." It was then 4 o'clock. The aide-de-camp despatched two telegrams, one to the master of the imperial wardrobe at St. Petersburg, and the other to the railway authorities, and about 6 o'clock a locomotive set off from the Russian capital carrying the messenger entrusted with the required dress. Fresh locomotives were in readiness at Dunauberg and Wilna, and the distance of 950 kilometres was traversed in thirteen hours, a rate of 73 kilometres per hour, so that the uniform was in readiness for the Czar at the time fixed.

Sweetened Mortar.

An Englishman writes to the mayor of Charleston communicating some newly discovered facts regarding the making of mortar for building, which he believes will be of great importance in a city subject to earthquakes. He says that the addition of saccharine matter, such as molasses, infusion of malt, etc., to the mortar, increases its strength to an extraordinary degree. The hardness of the old Roman cement, which is equal to that of the stone it binds together is believed to be due to the addition of saccharine matter. Water to which sugar has been added will dissolve fourteen and a half times as much lime as pure water. Recent experiments with sweetened mortar have proved that walls may be built so strong they cannot be torn down with anything but explosives. —Boston Transcript.

DIAMOND CUTTING.

The Art as Practised in the Great Diamond Centre.

Various Processes Requiring Uniformity and Nicety of Touch.

A San Francisco *Chronicle* correspondent who has visited the diamond quarter of Amsterdam, Holland, says: "It is strange to think that the art of cutting the diamond, though the stone itself has been held precious from a period which antedates history, should only have been discovered in the sixteenth century. Before that time rough diamonds only were used, and those were preferred which presented naturally a pyramidal figure, and which were set with the point projecting. In 1576 Louis de Berguim discovered the art of cutting the stone and of polishing it with its own dust. Then for the first time its true beauty was revealed. It has from time to time been cut in many forms, as an e may see who examines models of those most famous, but only two are now employed by skillful lapidaries—the rose and the brilliant. The rose cutting is only for thin stones. It presents on one side a pyramid of triangular facets and on the other a flat surface to be hidden by the mounting. The brilliant, on the contrary, presents on one side a flat surface, surrounded by triangular facets, and on the other a pyramid of facets, intended to be placed openly in the setting and to reflect the light. Most of the diamond cutting and polishing establishments are in Zwabenburger straat, and unless one has a guide he finds the locality with difficulty. Once found, there is no trouble about seeing the operations. The proprietors are only too glad to receive visitors, who may become customers, for there is a good deal of rivalry in the business. The concierge conducts them through the place, receiving half a florin (31 cents) for the service.

The work is carried on several floors, and the processes, though nice, are simple, uniform and easily understood. The power is supplied by a handsome steam engine in the basement in a very simple manner. By means of cogs it is transferred to upright shafts running up through the different floors. These have great horizontal pulleys from which it is conveyed to the polishing wheels ranged along the sides of the rooms. These are also horizontal. The first operation consists in dividing the diamond as many times as is deemed necessary. Technically this is called cleavage, and it is one of the miracles of nature that the hardest substance known is capable of such minute separation. It is the business of the skillful workman to find the cleavage by following the seams of its crystalline forms which run parallel to the faces of a regular octahedron. Having found it he fixes the rough diamond on the end of a stick, or mandrel, by means of a cement which is easily softened by heat, but hardens quickly, holding the stone in its place with the requisite tenacity. Then by the aid of another diamond having a cutting edge and fixed to another mandrel in the same manner, he traces a line along the face of the hard crystal. It is only necessary then to apply the edge of a small sharp instrument to the line he has traced, give a smart blow and the diamond quickly separates at the point desired.

The first cutting is done by a workman whose hands are protected by thick gloves, who, having fixed two diamonds immovably in the manner just described, rubs them briskly together, which results in giving the form rose or the form brilliant, according to the nature of the stone or the preference of the master. These manipulations of the diamond are performed over little boxes, that not a particle of the powder be lost. The men engaged in it sit at a little table or bench adjacent to the main room, whose appurtenances are all of the most primitive description. The polishing is performed with great exactitude. The horizontal wheels or disks used for it are of steel, about a foot in diameter. The diamond dust is mixed with it before being applied. The diamond is firmly fixed in an egg-shaped piece of lead in such a manner that only the surface to be applied to the disk is exposed. To the lead is attached a sort of stem or short handle, which is taken by the polisher by means of a pair of pincers. When touched to the disc the pincers are held immovably by two pieces of iron, one of which presses it firmly on one side and the other on the other. The polishers sit at their wheels in a long row along either wall, but at a little distance from it and facing the middle of the room. The diamonds are fixed in the leaden eggs by a set of workmen, much less in number, who sit at little furnaces along the wall. It takes a keen eye to determine when the facet has been cut just enough and not too much. The workmen are mostly Jews, some of them withered old men who have passed their lives over these steel discs. Others are mere boys, to whom the less important work is confided. Here and there may be seen a face of the Holland and Flemish type, but not many. The most adroit workman in the establishment is an aged Hebrew, who cut

the famous Koh-i-noor, for which Queen Victoria paid 10,000 florins (\$4200), beside a handsome *donneur* to the polisher.

Cooking at Sea.

The first thing that naturally attracts the attention of a landsman is, what a fearful state of confusion there must be in the galley during a rolling sea! Imagine an ordinary kitchen grato covered with saucepans, etc., were it suddenly to begin to swing backwards and forwards like a sea-saw. This difficulty, however, is easily overcome. Every galley fire is fitted with a number of iron bars fastened to a rod at the back, and which fit into little grooves in a rod in front. Consequently, when the sea is rough these bars are fixed, and each cooking utensil is held tightly in its place between the bars just the same as a saucepan could be held over an ordinary fireplace with a strong pair of pincers.

Another difficulty is when the saucepans on the fire are at all full—when the ship rolls they run over. The remedy for this is as simple as Dr. Abernethy's one for the old lady who complained of having such a dreadful pain in her arm when she went "so." He pocketed his guinea and said, "Don't go so." So with the saucepans, the simple remedy is, "Don't fill the saucepans." No saucepans on board ship should ever be more than three-quarters full when the ship is rolling.

My first impression in watching the cooking on board ship—how many practical lessons might be learnt from it by cooks on shore! How often do cooks complain that "there is no doing anything in this poky kitchen;" the poky kitchen being probably quite four times the size of the galley in which I am standing, in which breakfast, lunch and dinner have to be prepared daily for over 200 persons. The requisite qualities required for success are early rising, an entire absence of fussiness, and, by no means the least important, the power of looking ahead and seeing that each person minds his own business without interfering with another's.

The Star of South Africa.

In a farmhouse, with its large table and bureau bearing a bible and two or three old Dutch books, and the clumsy rifle leaning in the corner, after the evening reading of a chapter in the Boer fashion, a trader named Niekirk, who chanced to be present, told the vrow Jacobs that the great white shining stones they had just been hearing of reminded him of the pebbles the children played with, picked up along the banks of the neighboring Orange River. As he spoke, there entered O'Reilly, an ostrich hunter. They tried one of the stones on the window glass and scratched it all over, the scratches remaining there until this day. It was agreed if it turned out a diamond all were to share equally. On his way to Cape Town O'Reilly showed the stone, and was laughed at for his credulity; it was even taken from him and recovered with difficulty from the street where it had been thrown, but "he laughs best who laughs last," for in Cape Town the pebble from the banks of the Orange was pronounced a diamond, and bought by Sir Philip Wodehouse for £500. Ten more such were easily found by the vrow Jacob, and early in the next year, 1868, several were picked up along the banks of the Vaal, among them the renowned Star of South Africa by a Hottentot shepherd, who sold it to Fiekirk, the trader, for £400, who disposed of it on the same day for £12,000. Then the rush began in earnest, first to Pniel and the river diggings on the Vaal—Pniel, which stretches with its sea of tents, its hive of men and checker of claims, down to the loud and busy river, and up again to the populous heights of Klipdrift. Here and there, but rarely upon the slope, a canteen of dirty canvas, or a plank-built store with roof of corrugated iron; upon the slope, all pocked with holes, so that all looked like some rude and careless cemetery. Within three months of the first discovery there were 5,000 digging there.—*Cornhill*.

Popcorn a Novelty in England.

I am going over to England next year to introduce popcorn to the unfortunate natives, who have been brought up to regard corn as food for horses and chickens only. Every English visitor to the exposition goes wild over popcorn and declares he never saw it before. So I have taken the contract for the American exposition in London next spring and have 5,000 bushels of corn ready to ship over.

It has always been supposed that corn wouldn't pop if it got damp, and to try how a sea voyage would affect it I sent a barrel over to London and wrote the consignees to send it back. It popped nicely.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Pleasant for Featherly.

"What was it that ma said to you, when you came in?" whispered young Bobby to Featherly, one of the guests.
"Oh, simply that she was delighted to see me; that was all, Bobby."
"I'm glad of it," said Bobby, and a look of genuine relief came over his face, "cause she said this morning, that she hoped you wouldn't come."—*New York Sun*.

THE LITTLE CAPTAIN

An Ex-Confederate's Story of the Civil War.

How a Company Was "Rattled" in One Fight and Redeemed Itself in Another.

An ex-confederate tells this story in the *Detroit Free Press*: In one of the first battles that decided McClellan's career on the Peninsula company "G" of a certain southwestern regiment, having been stationed to hold a particular point, became rattled under the artillery fire of the Federals and broke back in wild disorder. The case was so marked, occurring as it did in sight of half a mile of battle-line, and 10,000 reserve troops, that the company was gaged, sneered at and ridiculed without mercy. Had it been losing any number of men under the fire the case would have been different, but they broke back without even having a man wounded. I was personally acquainted with many of the men, and I had this excuse for them. It was their first fight, and their officers had no experience. Under a veteran captain they would have held their place and cracked jokes about the screaming shells.

The epithet of coward was applied to every man in the company, and the colonel of the regiment was so indignant over the matter that it was whispered about that he had requested our Brigadier-General to have the company disbanded in disgrace. Nothing of that sort was done, however, as we had already begun the pursuit of McClellan. In the fights up to Malvern Hill the regiment was in the rear, or supporting artillery; but it came to the front when we swept up to Crew's farm to find the Federal army posted on the plateau beyond, and waiting to give our victorious legends a bloody check. We were forming battle lines in the woods when the gunboats at Turkey Bend opened fire with their great guns, and three or four different times the falling limbs crashed down to break our formation and throw us into confusion.

By and by the order came for the advance across the level meadows. My company was in the second battle line, and directly behind "G." Just before the order was given, the captain, who was by far the smallest man in his company, and had all along been known as the "Little Captain," stepped to the front and quietly said:

"Men, we have a chance to redeem ourselves. We have been called cowards, and our good name has been taken away. Let us regain it here or die on the field."

The men did not cheer, but I saw them settle themselves for desperate work. Away went the first line, sweeping along like a giant wave, and then we got the order to follow.

Just as we broke cover the Federal artillery opened on us with over fifty guns, and the echo of the first gun had not died away when a shell blew three men of "G" company to pieces. I had to step over one of the mutilated bodies as we followed on, but the living showed no signs of dismay. Shot and shell plowed through that front line without mercy—grapeshot hissed as we got nearer—musket balls were striking far beyond us before we changed our "common time" to "doublequick." We could not get there. Such a fire was opened upon us as seem to whirl us about in a mad circle. Amidst the hoarse shouts of officers and the crash of musketry I heard the Little Captain calling:

"Steady, boys! The enemy is there in front—come with me!"

We went forward as a mob would go, halted, whirled round and round, and then the order was given to retire. We retreated to cover to form again, while a fresh batch of victims moved up. I had a scratch, as did almost every one else in my company who came off alive, but this did not prevent me from looking about for Company "G." Our colonel came riding down the line to give orders to the captains, and he halted near me and called:

"Where is Captain Blake and Company "G"?"

"Here, sir!" replied the little captain, as he saluted.

His left arm had been broken by a bullet, and there was blood on his face from a second wound. Lying at his feet, with a ball in his shoulder, was his second lieutenant. Standing beside him was a private with two fingers shot off. Every other man in "G" was lying dead or wounded at the front. Indeed, the company was blotted out. The men who had broken back in a panic in their first fight had died the deaths of old veterans in their second.

Willing to Accommodate.

It was a very ragged but an exceedingly polite beggar, who took off his greasy cap to a gentleman on Broadway and said:

"Pardon me, sir, will you please grant me the favor of a gratuity of five cents; I have not yet dined."

"Neither have I," said the gentleman, more to himself than to the beggar, because he was hurrying home for that purpose.

"Then make it ten cents," said the beggar, "and we'll dine together."—*Sydney Dispatch*.

A Plucky Ambassador.

Gen. Pierce M. B. Young, Consul-General to St. Petersburg, tells me a new one on Gen. Cassius M. Clay, who was our Plenipotentiary to the court of the Czars under three administrations. Said Gen. Young: "Soon after G. Clay arrived in the Russian capital he concluded to attend the theatre, and appeared in his dress suit.

The Imperial box has an ante-room, guarded by two totering soldiers in glittering uniforms and with bayonets fixed. They are splendid looking fellows and look like giant statues.

During an interlude Gen. Clay made up his mind to go into the Imperial box and chat with the Czar of all the Russias. The noble guard did not know Gen. Clay, and stopped him at the threshold, thinking, no doubt, that he was a Nihilistic intruder seeking the blood of the autocrat. The General tried to identify himself in his Kentucky dialect, and started in again. The sentinel pushed the General back rather rudely. Quick as a flash that big Madison county fist flew back and stretched the giant soldier at full length toward the Imperial box. The fall of the soldier and his heavy gun sounded like the building was going down, and the Imperial coterie rushed from their stall to the scene. The other guard advanced on Gen. Clay, and was in the act of running him through when one of the Grand Dukes recognized the General and shouted to the guard to "stop, it is the American Ambassador."

Gen. Clay was promptly admitted after that.

He was from Kentucky, and they didn't forget it.—*Louisville Times*.

How Mistletoe is Grown.

Mistletoe is well grown at Streatham Lodge, in Surrey, one pyramid apple tree in particular, some seven feet high and six feet through, being a dense mass of it from top to bottom and laden with berries. The apple tree thus smothered by the parasite does not bear any fruit, but this loss is compensated for by the ornamental character of the mistletoe. Those who wish to introduce mistletoe into their gardens should devote an apple tree especially to it. The berries from which it is to be grown should be gathered in March or April—not earlier, or success may be doubtful; earlier in the season the berries are not ripe. The branches on which they are to be placed should be from three to four years old. Selecting a clear bit of bark on the upper side of the branch, rub the berries on it, and they will be found to adhere to it. Blackbirds and thrushes are very partial to them; therefore trees thus operated on should be netted. After a lapse of some three months the seeds will be seen to have thrown out sucker-like claws, when all danger from birds will be at an end, and the young plants will after that rapidly increase in size. Young apple trees with mistletoe established on them may also be bought in some nurseries.—*London Garden*.

Could Prove an Alibi.

There is a deaf-mute in the Treasury Department who has been there for a long time and is an excellent clerk. The other day he had a scare. He was busily engaged at his desk writing when a fellow-clerk came up to him and began to talk to him in the sign language. "The secretary is going to go for you," said the clerk, with his fingers. The mute clerk looked up surprised. "Why, what have I done?" he asked with his fingers. "Oh, the secretary has heard tales about you, and I hear you are about to be discharged." The deaf-mute looked bewildered. "Why?" his fingers asked. "Some people have told the secretary that you have been around the hotel corridors talking in a loud and boisterous manner against the administration." An expression of relief came across the mute clerk's face when he heard the reason, and his fingers replied: "I can prove an alibi."—*Baltimore American*.

The Power of Acquiring.

The power of acquiring quickly and well is a distinctive trait of the American people. It seems to be our natural inheritance. From the hour when an American child begins to talk, straight on through the entire educational process, the power of acquisition manifests itself in a remarkable degree. Indeed, so rapid are the unfolding, the development of a child's mind with us, that we are outgrowing the old method of education. The child seems to grasp intuitively much that was formerly arrived at by slow, mechanical processes. For instance, American children now-a-days learn to read by the "word method"—taking in a whole word at a glance, instead of analyzing it into its separate letters. In fact, the English alphabet in this country to-day, as a basis for instruction, is almost as much a collection of "dead letters" as the Greek alphabet.—*Penman's Art Journal*.

What He Got.

"Thomas, of what fruit is cider made?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Why, what a stupid boy. What did you get when you robbed farmer Jones's orchard?"

"I got a thrashing, sir."—*Sydney Dispatch*.

"THE PALACE."

One of the Most Interesting Buildings in Mexico.

The Official Home of Mexico's President and Senate—Aztec Remains.

The Palace is one of the most interesting buildings in Mexico, because of its dimensions, the curiosities it contains, its history, and the knowledge we have of the schemes of tyranny and bloodshed devised within its walls. Each of its six patios is entered through ponderous outer doors, that might be relied upon to resist the blows of a catapult, and these courts are surrounded by walls of enormous thickness. The building occupies the exact limits of Montezuma's palace, and contains the official apartments of the President and of the Senate, the world-famed Ambassador's hall, the offices of the government, the post-office, museum, and a military barracks. President Diaz has leased a residence near to the western side of the Plaza, and his private dwelling, on Humbolt street, is now the residence of the American Minister, General Henry R. Jackson. The stately banner of the American legation floats in the soft breezes above the high walls and shady gardens of the private dwelling of the President of the Republic of Mexico.

After a call upon the Premier, Senor Rubio, and an audience with the President, a visit to the Hall of the Ambassadors, and a glance at the well-arranged general post office, you are close by the entrance of the patio of the Museum. This court is well shaded, and to the left of the entrance you are permitted to enter a small apartment, in which is exhibited the State carriage of the Empire, the gift of Napoleon III to Carlotta, and said to be handsomer than the imperial coach of Russia.

Opposite the street entrance to this patio is the door of the Aztec hall; entering this long, narrow chamber, but recently appropriated to its present use, I found a few workmen erecting pedestals for the gods, and the sacrificial and calendar stones (removed thither from the Cathedral walls and the patio inclosure), and the gods themselves lying around in the most undignified postures. The idols exhibited at New Orleans were arriving, and lay scattered about the completed pedestal of the "Divinity of Death," or, as Bandalier insists, the Hutzilopotchtli (war god) of Tenochtitlan. A few feet distant, and directly in front of this bloody idol, is placed the sacrificial stone, on which sixty thousand hearts were cut out to his honor.

The extraordinary carvings on top and sides of this stone of sacrifice attract unlimited attention until the bowl in the center recalls its bloody uses. Into it the heart's blood of the victim ran, and thence along the trench to the side where it was often drunk by the sinister priests, with their "matted black locks flowing down their backs;" and then, horror of horrors! to remember that the body of the victim was served by his captor in a banquet to friends, with the most delicate of wines and toothsome of viands.

Ascending a flight of stone steps, close to the fountain that throws the spray of its cooling waters amid tropical plants, the museum proper was reached. The first impression was a disagreeable one; it was made by an intentional display of very bad taste by the commissioners in trusting the painting of "Maximilian and his General's," into an obscure niche, and denying it even a frame. Entering the first room you see relics of Hidalgo y Costilla, the standard of the conquest, and a noble cast of the face of Juarez. In the second we halted at the long table and the cases containing the one hundred and seventy-six pieces comprising the "silver plate of Maximilian."

The remaining rooms contain the glassware of Iturbide, Aztec weapons, musical instruments, mirrors, domestic utensils, shield of Montezuma II., portraits of the Viceroy, picture writings of the Aztecs, their pottery and feather-work, together with the skeletons, minerals, birds, insects, reptiles, fauna and flora of the country.

Playing "Mamma."

Little Florence was 6 years old, and her brother Willie two years younger. One evening their mamma wished them to go to bed, and knowing the little girl's fondness for playing mamma, she said:

"Come now, children, I haven't had time yet to look over the morning paper. You run right up to bed now and let mamma read. Florence you can play mamma and put your little brother to bed, you know."

"All right," said Florence, sitting down and taking up a paper in imitation of her mamma: "wun wight up to bed, Willie, I want to read the morning paper."—*Chicago News*.

A Bright Future.

"We can't all be President of the United States, Bobby, said the minister.

"I know it," Bobby replied, and his clear, honest eyes shone with lofty ambition, "an' I don't want to be. I'm goin' to be a drum major."—*New York Sun*.